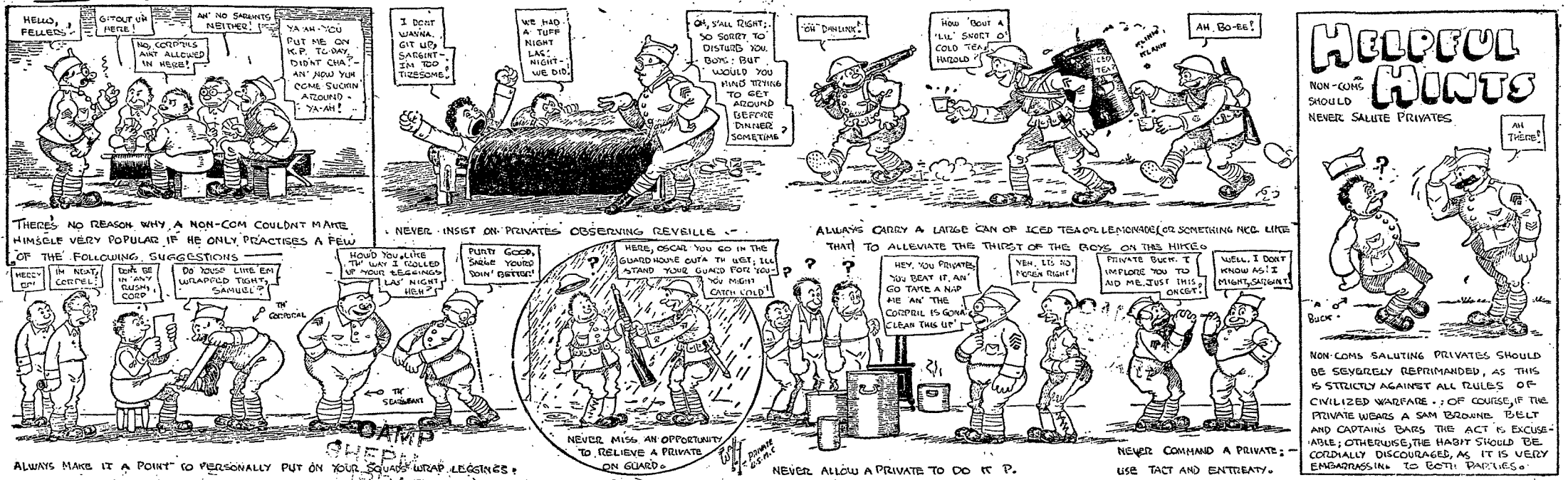


HOW TO BE POPULAR THOUGH AN "OFFICER"

-By WALLGREN

TRIBE OF LEBRUN
BACK ON HOME SOILFather and Two Sons
Came to France on A.
E.F. Transports

EUGENE, 11, INTERPRETER

Still Another Brother in Training
While Fifth Man in Family
Builds Ships

He's 11 years old—"go in on 12" to be exact—and he's won two service stripes.

It isn't possible, you say? Just trot down to Tours and look over Eugene Lebrun, messenger, and interpreter too, for the Q.M. corps. Take in his campaign hat and his O.D. clothes and his regulation leggings. Watch him put on the best salute yet landed in the A.E.F. Then change your mind.

Eugene came over with his father, Frank Lebrun (born in France, by the way) a good year and more ago—came over in a transport, too, for his father was a member of the A.E.F., being attached to the post quartermaster at Tours in the capacity of carpenter. Naturally, when people got to know Eugene they "adopted" him right and left right off the reel. But when he began to show what he could do in writing the language of the A.E.F., his father's native land, as well as the language of the land of his birth and upbringing, they found he was more than a mascot. In short Eugene is a mighty useful citizen.

Another Lebrun Arrives

Along about last December another transport landed in France. It brought over still another Lebrun (also born in France) named Louis, a private in the Infantry. And as soon as Louis could get leave, and get the general (he had to go that far) to let it so he might make Tours instead of Aix-les-Bains, he made tracks to clench his father and kid brother for the first reunion they had had in four years.

There's another son, Johnny (born in America), now in one of the training camps getting ready to make it a Lebrun quartet in France. And Frank, Jr., the last to leave the family corral at Roundmont, Montana, is working in a Government shipyard out on the Pacific coast. So, altogether, from the Old Man down to Messenger-Interpreter Eugene (going on 12 and winner of two service stripes), it looks like a 100 per cent war record for the Franco-American clan of Lebrun.

NEW USE IS FOUND
FOR CAMPAIGN HATYou'll Find Part of It When
—and if You Reach
a Hospital

They've found a use for the old campaign hat at last.

No, it isn't to be worn by German prisoners, or handed over to the French Boy Scouts, or even sold to Paris milliners to be revamped and befethered and called "le chapeau Pouchougue."

It's going to be worn by you, if by any chance you go to a hospital (which we hope you won't unless you want to). And you're going to wear it on your feet, not on your dome.

When the old lid o' the plains was discarded, the salvage department of the A.E.F. saw there was going to be a lot of good felt left on its hands.

With characteristic Yankee ingenuity, it fussed around until it devised the scheme of making slipper-soles out of that felt. So with uppers made of O.D. flannel from hopelessly ripped pants and blouses, the old campaign hat is going to blossom forth as the basis for the new hospital slipper—thus fulfilling a long-felt want.

CUBA DETAINS RUM SHIP

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—The Cuban Government has detained a suspicious schooner. No, it was not a U-boat. It was loaded with 400,000 quarts of rum. Gotham liquorists are suffering torments of hopeless appetite and demanding intervention.

SHOP GIRLS GOOD FARMERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Two thousand girls are filling farms in New York State as part of the land army movement. Many of them are from the shops and similar pursuits, and reports are that they fit in well.

WAR AS THEY'RE WAGING IT SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SOISSONS

An American lying wounded in a wheat field was somewhat taken aback by the spectacle, in slow and stately approach, of a German officer. He was magnificent with medals and he wore a monocle.

Every once in a while his impressive features spoiled by a nervous turn of the head and the suggestion of a snarl—just as if someone were tickling his tail with a bayonet.

Someone was, for looking beyond, the wounded American saw a great, big, husky American negro prancing along, showing every tooth in his head.

"Hill-i, boss," he called out jubilantly, "Ah don't know what Ah's got, but Ah's bringin' it along!"

Mess sergeants are just the same, whether they're in Kansas City, Missouri, or Chateau-Thierry. Frenchways suspicious that the whole Army is trying to edge in on their company mess.

The beans ran low—which will indicate the gravity of the situation—in a company that was having its first hot meal out of the lines.

"Three hundred and seventeen men I've fed," finally exploded the mess sergeant. "Three hundred and seventeen! And when we went into line we were only 250 strong. You'd think a company would lose when it's fighting, but it don't. It gains!"

The American regiments that share in the avalanche which fell on the German line between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry are groaning under the weight of their souvenirs.

Nearly every man wears a "Gott Mit Uns" buckle on his belt till you would think it was a Q.M. issue on which regulations insisted. Nearly every man carries a German watch, many of them handsome watches shielded by metal trench cases. One doughboy had 14 watches—"time to burn," as he wags it.

Some brandish Luger pistols, and the lucky ones can be seen these days staring into the distance through fine German field glasses and trying to look as much like generals as possible. But the prizes are iron crosses. Every Yankee wants to win the Iron Cross in a manner not contemplated by the Kaiser.

While the Franks-Yankos troops were chasing the Germans between the Aisne and the Ourcq, the generals were happily counting the stocks of ammunition and the hundreds of guns that were falling into their hands. But the hungry doughboys, looting from three days on iron rations and not too much of that, was happily devouring the food supplies they found in many a hastily abandoned dugout.

Never before in its history did the American Army eat so much Weiner and paupernickel as it did that great day.

In the midst of the battle one young lieutenant, running into a pit of his, showed him under the flap of his pocket a little gold brooch.

"If anything should happen to me," he said, "try to get hold of this pin. I'll give you, and when you get time ship it back home to my mother."

The other promised, and the lieutenant went his way. He had not gone 20 feet when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The pin is on its way to America.

various rakish angles, their wheels caked with mud. The drivers snored in the seats or lay stretched out in the wheat-field alongside. Everything was still save for the distant boom of the guns and finally the rat-a-tat-tat, not of a masked machine gun, but of an unseen typewriter.

A passerby trailed the sound to the interior of one of the trucks, and within saw a soldier sitting in the throes of composition, his bandaged foot resting on a sack of oats.

"You poor stiff, do they make you do paper work way up here?"

"Paper work, hell!" he replied affably. "I'm writing a letter to my girl."

One young lieutenant who was grazed three times by shrapnel was finally so badly wounded in the leg that he had to be carried to the first aid station. Later, he was put into the first truck going to the rear, and when he saw them lifting a friend of his who had collapsed from shell-shock, he volunteered to hold him in his arms.

The lieutenant got his fifth wound when a shell came out of space and struck and killed his friend as he was cradling him.

Looting prisoners is always interesting work. Ernst Herman wore the insignia of an aspirant. In his pockets he had the spoils of a second lieutenant. His period of probation over, he was to become a lieutenant the next day. Had he been captured 12 hours later, he would have had to work all the time he remains in captivity.

"Kaiser," said the next prisoner when asked his name.

"Holy Smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy who brought him in, "I've captured the man show."

"Kaiser," repeated the prisoner. "Courad Kaiser, and I'm 30 years old."

Up to the time that Germany's dwindling man-power caused the military finger to beckon him, Kaiser had been a college professor.

"Will they send us to America?" asked the next prisoner, an artillery captain. He was told that "they" wouldn't, and expressed regret.

He decided to go to America after the war anyhow," he explained. "There is nothing more for me in Germany. My father and mother were killed by an air bomb and my two brothers died in action. I'm the only one of the family left."

The American ambulance sections attached to the French Army are the boys that have the pets, it's so easy for them to carry a mascot around. But one of the sections has had bad luck with theirs. Now they have a puppy chosen because its coat is a perfect olive drab.

They have tried dogs before and angoras. They have tried foxes. One was named Minna and was run over. One was named Pinard and died a quarter of an hour after they had bought him from a dealer. They had paid 15 francs for him. Too expensive, they thought—a franc a minute.

It must be admitted that Pinard did of drinking cognac. And the moral of that is—

This didn't happen to an American, but it made some Americans gasp, and boosted the blue coats one more notch in their estimation.

A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he went up in his bulby sausage and remained there unperturbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to his parachute.

The Boche airman, not content with destroying the sausage, pursued the Frenchman as he floated down, pumping bullets at the outspread umbrella. And the Frenchman coolly drew his revolver and answered the Boche's fire.

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TO AID LUMBER WORKERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Colonel Bryce P. Disque, famous for his success in handling difficult labor situations in the woods, has completed plans with the lumber operators of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana for arbitration between workers and employers.

These plans include conferences, the open shop and the eight-hour day now and after the war.

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Alfred Taylor

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